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LASH LARUE

WESTERN

Admission

10¢

NOV. 21



by Ross MacK

THE GHOST OF LARADO!



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LASH LARUE

in DOUBLE DANGER IN THE HILLS!

BATTLING A WILD BEAST
CARRIES WITH IT
ALL THE UNCERTAINTIES
OF DEATH, BUT A WILD
BEAST CAN'T THINK,
WHICH MAKES THIS
LITTLE, AS LASH DIS-
COVERS, TIME COM-
PARED TO BATTLING
A HUMAN BEAST!

IN THE HILLS BEFORE SINGHSH
HUFFY...

"I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO THE
CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS
IN LARADO BUT SINCE I'M SO
CLOSE TO SINGHSH I MIGHT
AS WELL STOP AT THE LOCAL
MARSHAL'S OFFICE AND SEE
HOW THINGS ARE GOING."

BUT FIRST, TO
BETTER STOP AND
HURTL UP SOME
GRUB FOR THE TWO
OF US, RUSH!

MEANWHILE, IN THE HILLS CLOSER TO TOWN...

THERE'S NO POINT IN RID-
ING BACK TO TOWN, HICKEY.
THERE'S NOTHING THERE
WORTH ROBBING OUTSIDE
OF THE BANK, AND THAT'S
SO CLOSE TO THE LOCAL
MARSHAL'S OFFICE, IT'D
BE IMPOSSIBLE TO
ROB IT."

WORMS ARE IMPOSSIBLE
TARPOOLE, WHEN
HICKEY PUTS HIS HAND
TO IT? I JUST FOUND
OUT THAT THE TELL-
ER LIVES WITH AN
INVALID FATHER WHOM
HE'S DEVOTED TO AND
THAT'S GOING TO MAKE
ALL THE DIFFERENCE
IN THE WORLD."



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BETTER THAN THAT
TARPOOLE! WE'LL
SAY WE KIDNAP-
PED THE OLD MAN,
BUT WE DON'T
RISK OUR NECKS
TO DO IT!



WATCH OUT, HICKY!
THERE'S A WILD
BEAR IN THE ROAD!
ONE HUG FROM HIM
AND EVERY BONE
IN YOUR BODY WILL
BE CRUSHED!









BUT LASH LARUE IS JUST AN ACCIDENT WITH HIS SIX-SHOOTER AS HE IS WITH THE BULLHORN!
THANK GOODNESS I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT HOW ABOUT YOU?
I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT HOW ABOUT YOU?



A LITTLE SHAKEN UP, BUT OTHERWISE OKAY...
THANKS TO YUH! NOW TO BETTER BE SETTING ON MY WAY! I PUT YEH TO ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY!
MY NAME'S LASH LARUE! I'M A MOVING MARSHAL AND HELPING PEOPLE OUT OF TROUBLE IS PART OF MY JOB!



SO LONG!
I SURE COULD USE THE HELP OF A MARSHAL, BUT I CAN'T DO A THING UNTIL I SEE IF MY FATHER IS ALL RIGHT!



BUT WHEN LASH REACHES THE ENGLISH MARSHAL'S OFFICE...
I KNOW IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT OR ANY ONE LIKE ROMAN, BUT I WAS HIM!
I RECKON TO BETTER ROUND-UP A POSSE AND SO LOOK FOR HIM!
HOW ABOUT CHECKING WHERE HE LIVES, FIRST?



HE KNOWS THAT EVERYONE IN TOWN KNOWS WHERE HE LIVES SO I DOUBT IF HE'D GO HOME AFTER ROBBING THE BANK, BUT IT MIGHT NOT BE A BAD IDEA TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIS WILD FATHER! HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL US WHERE TO FIND HIM!
I'LL DO THAT WHILE YOU ROUND UP A POSSE!



MEANWHILE...
NO, SON, NO ONE TOOK ME AWAY FROM THE CABIN AT ALL! I TELL YUH, YUH OUGHT TO GO TELL YOUR STORY TO THE MARSHAL!
I CAN'T, DAD! DON'T YUH SEE THAT SINCE YOUR LIFE WASN'T THREATENED, I'LL SOUND AS IF I MADE UP THE STORY TO PLEASE THE BANK? I'VE GOT TO CATCH THOSE VARMINTS MYSELF AND MAKE THEM CONFESS! IT'S MY ONLY WAY TO CLEAR MY NAME!

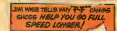


BUT AS ROMAN GOES TO THE DOOR...
OH, OH! IT'S THAT MOVING MARSHAL WHO SAVED MY LIFE! HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BANK AND NOW HE'S AFTER ME! NOT A WORD ABOUT ME WHEN HE COMES IN, DAD!









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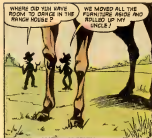
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Lash LARUE

in the **GHOST of LARADO!**



FOR ONCE YOUR WHIP IS OF NO USE! I CAN'T BE HARMED!

I MUST BE GOING OUT OF MY MIND! THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!

SNAP!



THE GHOST OF LARADO

WAS IT FACT OR FICTION? THE FAMOUS ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, HAS TO COMBAT SUPERSTITION AND DEATH WHEN HE TRIES TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF

THE GHOST OF LARADO

AT JACK BALLEW'S RANCH JUST OUTSIDE OF LARADO!

YOU MAY BE A GOOD FIGHTER, BRONCO, BUT YOU'RE CERTAINLY NOT A GOOD SHOT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN NOT A GOOD SHOT? YOU'LL NEED A BULL'S-EYE TO BEAT IT! GO AHEAD, SHOOT! IT'S YOUR TURN, BRONCO!

BUT I ALWAYS HIT THE BULL'S-EYE, BRONCO! YOU HAVEN'T DEATEN ME ONCE, YET! THAT'S WHY I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SUGGESTED WE TRY IT AGAIN!

YOU SOON WILL!





AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE



AT THE RANCH...



BACK AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE —



MIDNIGHT AT THE RANCH











EXPRESS RIDER

By Joe K. Jones



THE PONY EXPRESS agent at Junction Point was startled when Superintendent J. T. Dawson of the Great Overland Division rode in one spring afternoon. Will Thompson ran out of the relay station to greet his old friend.

"Howdy, Mr. Dawson, this is a surprise. Don't often get the big boss himself out this way," he smiled.

"Tell you the truth, Will," said the Superintendent. "The Great Overland Division's in hot water. The Company's been paying out thousands of dollars to shippers whose valuables have been robbed by outlaws. If this keeps up the company might close down the division as too dangerous and unprofitable. We know the names of the outlaws—Jack Till and Sedge Barnum. They were reported in town heading this way. The company is offering a thousand dollar reward for their capture. You carry a gun, Will?"

Will Thompson patted the iron under his coat. "My best friend out here on the plains," he answered grimly.

"I pounded leather out here to keep an eye on that shipment of fifty thousand dollars in new currency for the First National Bank," went on Mr. Dawson. "You know about that?"

"I heard," answered Will.

"That's just it. Word gets around to outlaws, too. This shipment was supposed to be a secret. If the currency doesn't get there for tomorrow's opening, there won't be any opening. The bank will hold the company responsible. That might be the straw that'll break the back of the company directors. Goodbye Great Overland if that happens!" He patted, then shook himself into briskness. "Who's riding the relay to Junction Point? That man's carrying the fifty thousand."

"That's a heap of responsibility to be resting on one pair of shoulders," laughed Will, "but you can count on that currency. It'll be

here sure as sunset. Jamie Quick's carrying the bag. He never fails!" Will looked at his watch. "Boy ought to be here in half an hour."

"Jamie Quick?" exclaimed Mr. Dawson. "Why, I've got a note from the main office that he's to be discharged." He took a letter from his pocket. "Says Quick is under eighteen."

"But Jamie's the best rider in the Division, Mr. Dawson," protested Will, who loved Jamie like a son.

"You know the Company rules," replied Mr. Dawson firmly.

"You'll have to tell him yourself. I haven't got the heart to face the boy with those words. They'd break his heart," said the relay agent.

"I'll tell him if that's the way you feel about the boy. I don't want to do this any more than you do, but this is no time for the Great Overland Division to be asking for exceptions to the company rules. Right now I wish that boy were safe inside the Point," said the Superintendent, looking anxiously down the road.

In a wooded patch some miles from Junction Point, two men waited at the side of the road.

The taller man spoke. "Don't get trigger happy, Sedge. Wait till I give yuh the word if we have to cut him down."

"It's the fifty thousand I'm after, Jack, not the rider," growled Sedge. "Keep your eyes peeled so we don't miss it."

"What's that?" interrupted Jack.

The sound of hoofs drummed faintly in the distance. Jamie Quick was pounding the road for Junction Point, pushing his mare like the wind to keep ahead of schedule. Whistling low against the wind, Jamie was happy today. Pony Express Rider! To ride and be paid for it! He would have done the job for nothing. But underneath the youthful face lay eyes as deep and clear as mountain lakes, conscious of the responsibility riding on his shoulders. He

looked forward on this day to a hot meal, a good bed and an evening of gabber with his friend Will Thompson. It would be a kind of celebration.

The command was so sudden the mare bucked.

"Halt!"

Two bearded men seemed to have risen right from the earth. They stood before him, guns pointed up. Slowly he raised his hands.

"Hand over your saddlebags, fuzz face!" the taller man ordered. "Keep him covered, Sedge, and drill him if he makes a false move."

Still Jamie hesitated. The man called Sedge ripped out an oath. "Yuh haven't got a chance, yearling, if yuh're munded to break for it." "Yuh're carrying fifty thousand in currency for the bank. Hand it over quick!" His finger moved nervously on the trigger. Jamie waited until Sedge had eased up right under the mare's nose.

Jamie lifted the saddlebags and tossed them directly at the first outlaw. The tall man stumbled backward as he caught them. Sedge, his attention drawn by the bags, half turned to catch his partner. At the same instant, Jamie touched his knees lightly to the mare. The horse plunged forward, knocking both men to the ground. They fired wildly past Jamie's neck.

As the mare wheeled Jamie's Colt barked twice, blazing the earth directly in front of the two outlaws as a warning.

"Drop those guns!" he shouted. "Now start marching toward Junction Point."

Sedge Barnum and Jack Till trudged along, hands in the air. Jamie rode behind, snoping up the saddlebags as he passed, keeping them covered closely as they stumbled angrily forward.

Superintendent Dawson and Will Thompson paced up and down before the relay station, pulling out their watches every few minutes. Will Thompson dreaded the reason for the delay. The boy had never been late before. Only bad trouble could hold back Jamie Quick!

"Can't stand it any more either, Will," said Dawson finally. "Saddle up. We're heading out there to clear up whatever's blocking the Pony Express." His face was grim. They pounded out of the station at once, Will worried for the boy and Dawson for the opening of the

First National and the future of his division.

They were only a few miles from the Point when they came on Jamie driving the two outlaws before him. Their relief expanded into a back pounding celebration.

"Jack Till and Sedge Barnum!" shouted Dawson. "There's a thousand dollar reward out for these two. I'll see that you get it pronto!"

Jamie told them the brief story of his encounter with Till and Barnum. He was anxious to be off, to make up lost time.

"I'm behind schedule, Mr. Dawson, I'd like to be getting on. I've got important cargo to be delivered!"

"I'll take charge of that currency, if that's what you're talking about. I'll see that it gets through." He was opening the saddlebags as he spoke and hauling out the contents. "Why, there's no currency here!" Mr. Dawson exclaimed. "Where is it?"

Jamie laughed. "Wasn't taking any chances, sir. When I heard about Till and Barnum at the last station, I took the money out of the bags and wrapped it up in my saddle blanket. Figured if I was held up, I could throw them the bags and make a break for it. It's all here, safe and sound. Now I'd like to be getting on."

Will Thompson had held his tongue till now. He spoke for the first time. "Mr. Dawson," he reminded the Superintendent, "you said something about a letter from the company about Jamie."

The Superintendent's smiling face dropped. "Yes, Will, I'd forgotten." He turned to Jamie, who was holding back his native mare.

Before the Superintendent could speak, Jamie said to Will, "That reward—I'm going to deposit it in the First National in the morning. It's a wonderful present, especially today."

"What's so special about today?" asked Will sadly.

☛ "It's my eighteenth birthday," Jamie announced proudly. Then he turned to the Superintendent. "What was that letter from the company Will spoke of, Mr. Dawson?"

The Superintendent's hand was in his pocket, crushing the letter into a small wad. "Nothing at all, Jamie, nothing at all. Just the company wishing you a happy birthday!"

THE END



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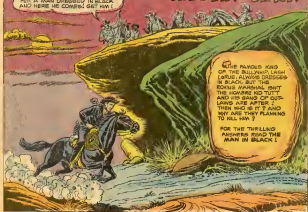
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Lash LARUE

in
THE MAN in BLACK



WE WERE TOLD TO WATCH OUT FOR A MAN DRESSED IN BLACK AND HERE HE COMES! GET HIM!



THE FEROUS KING OF THE BULLYBROS, LASH LARUE, ALWAYS DRESSED IN BLACK. BUT THE BOWLING MARSHAL HAD THE HORNS NO TUTT AND HIS GANG OF OUTLAWS ARE AFTER! THEN WHO IS IT? AND WHY ARE THEY PLANNING TO KILL HIM?

FOR THE THRILLING ANSWERS READ THE MAN IN BLACK!

BEHOLDING JUST FINISHED AN ASSIGNMENT, THE BOWLING MARSHAL IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!

WE'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO TO REACH HEADQUARTERS, BUT SO MANY IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA TO STOP AT THAT INN AND PUT ON THE FEED BAG!



BUT AS LASH SETS DOWN TO ENJOY A HEARTY MEAL...

HERE YOU ARE, SIR! I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR MEAL!

I ALWAYS ENJOY MEAT AND POTATOES!



HE'S DRESSED ALL IN BLACK! I BROKEN HE'S THE ONE I'M WATCHING FOR!





ENTER...



BOOK...

HURR, COVER THE COACH,
KEEP YOUR GUNS READY!
THAT WARMINT MIGHT
ESCAPE!



WHAT'S THE
WARMINT
TUTT!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I SHOULD
IMAGINE AFTER
ALL THE TROUBLE
YOU'VE GONE THROUGH
TO GET ME
HERE, YOU'D
AT LEAST
KNOW
THAT!



JUST
NUMBER
THE
BOOK
QUESTIONS!

YOUR NAME REALLY
DOESN'T MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE, IT SO
HAPPENS, HE
KNOW BOOKS IS
THE HORSE WHO'S
SEEN SELLING
DOGS IN THESE
PARTS! AND IT--

SMACK



--ALSO SO
HAPPENS HE
KNOW HE WAS
EXPECTING HIS
NEW SHIPMENT
TO HIM AT THE
MOUNTAIN INN
BY A MAN
DRESSED IN
BLACK!

AND NONE THE
OLD WARMINT
DRESSED IN
BLACK I SAW
ENTER THE INN
AND TALK TO
GARY!



IT SEEMS AS IF I STUMBLED
ONTO SOMETHING BIG SO I'LL
JUST PLAY ALONG UNTIL I CAN
FIGURE OUT WHAT MY NEXT
STEP SHOULD BE -- THAT IS IF
I'LL BE ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO
MAKE A NEXT STEP!



GARY, THE HORSE WHO
WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER
THE DOGS TO GARY! WHAT
ABOUT IT?



WE WANT THAT
DOGS AND IF
YOU VALUE YOUR
HIDE, YOU'LL
TURN IT OVER
TO US RIGHT
NOW WITHOUT
MAKING MY
BOYS SEARCH
YOUR DEAD
HIDE FOR IT!

YOU DON'T THINK
I'D BE STUPID ENOUGH
TO CARRY IT AROUND
WITH ME! WHEN YOU
SAW ME TALKING TO
GARY, I WAS MAKING
ARRANGEMENTS FOR
HIM TO PICK UP THE
STUFF!



BUT SINCE
I VALUE MY
LIFE MORE
THAN ANY
SUPPLY OF
DOGS, I'LL
BE ONLY TOO
HAPPY TO
GO GET THE
STUFF FOR
YOU!

WELL, JUST TO
MAKE SURE YOU
DON'T TRY ANY
TRICKS, I'LL BORROW
YOUR GUNS AND I'LL
SEND MY BEST
TRIGGER MEN, SANCY
AND STUBBY, ALONG
TO KEEP AN EYE
ON YOU!







AND HERE'S THE DOPE! THIS IS ALL THE EVIDENCE I'LL NEED TO PUT THESE TWO AWAY BEHIND BARS! NOW I'LL FIND SOME ROPE TO TIE THEM UP WITH AND THEN I'LL LEAVE THEM WITH THE INNKEEPER WHILE I GO AFTER THE REST OF THAT DOPE RUSTLING GANG!



AT THE SAME TIME...

YUH WERE RIGHT TUTT!

I FIGURED IF HE GOT RID OF SANCY AND STURGEON AND SINCE HIS HORSE IS THE ONLY ONE HERE, IT LOOKS AS IF HE DID. HE'D HEAD BACK HERE FOR GRAB!



WELL, WE'LL JUST TAKE CARE OF THE TWO OF THEM, RIGHT HYUR AND NOW!



AT THE SAME TIME...

I THOUGHT I HEARD A HOB RIDING UP!

THEY'RE DRAWING THEIR GUNS! THAT HEARS TROUBLE!



YOU TAKE THOSE TWO NARFENTS INTO THE BACK ROOM AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!



IF THE INNKEEPER STARTS TO YELL, I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED WHILE YUH SEARCH THE PLACE FOR GRAB! AND THE MAN IN BLACK!





YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, BINKSEPP, AND SO GET THE SHERIFF WHILE I KEEP THIS BAND OF UNWANTED COMPANY WITH MY SW-SHOOTERS!



BARBER...

I'VE GOT THEM ALL LOCKED UP, INCLUDING THOSE TWO IN THE WOODS, SAMPY AND BINKSEPP. I ALSO SUGGESTED A MAN IN BLACK COATS AND A PROBE OF DOPE. I THINK IT ON END TO DOPE SUGGLING IN THESE PARTS.



THIS'NAY EXPLAINING YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS WHY YOU DON'T WANT THE MEDAL BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BEST MARSHAL IN THE WEST!



NO CRIME CLUE MISSES THE SHARP EYE OF...

MIKE BARNETT!

WHERE CRIME
FESTERS AND VIOLENCE
EXPLODES, THERE'S...
MIKE BARNETT!

THE TERROR OF
FUGITIVES FROM
THE LAW...
MIKE BARNETT!



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